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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

LET us congratulate, not only our subscribers, but also the American public, upon the production of this present number of the "Art Journal." As a type of the taste and intelligence of the country it is creditable, and flattering to our national vanity. In all things it is *American*—in paper, in illustrations, in matter, in printing; and the Association sends it forth with the assurance that the public has a right to expect and demand just such a production.

The initial paper, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, is one of the most carefully-considered productions of this charming essayist and critic. Its theme is a genial one for his pen, and it will not fail to command an attentive perusal from all.

The Ballad of the Revolution, by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, it is unnecessary to say, is graceful as a story and unique as a poem. Mr. Stoddard has contributed to our national literature some of its most admired and creditable poems. He has but to write to be welcomed.

A story by HARRIET E. PRESCOTT! The announcement alone is sufficient to arrest the attention of all who have read or heard of those strange, startling, and captivating stories, "The Amber Gods," "Circumstance," "Sir Rohan's Ghost," etc., etc. Her wild fancy, her intense passion, her power of painting in words, her subtle analysis of heart and mind, her consummate knowledge of emotion and its phenomena—all serve to render her delineations at once absorbing in interest, captivating in pathos and power, forcible in combination, and successful in climax. The story, "Desert Sands," the author writes us, she deems the best she has yet produced—an opinion, we incline to think, the story will quite justify.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE, of Richmond, one of the most admired and delightful writers in the Southern States, gives us another of his Sketches of Virginia. The magnificent scenery of that State, its thousand and one historical recollections, render the Old Dominion an unfailing theme for narrative and story.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, of South Carolina, contributes a poem—a picture of a sunny landscape wedded to rhyme. The name of Mr. Simms is now associated, at home and abroad, with that of Cooper,

in our fiction literature; while, in verse, he is among the most popular of our present race of poets.

ALICE CARY's story of "Winifred Nowel" is not finished in this issue, as we had designed. In "making up" the forms we found it necessary—much against our will and wish—to throw a few pages over to the March issue, which will contain the conclusion. The story is, beyond question, one of the best of the author's many most characteristic and beautiful portraiture of life and character.

The authorship of those humorous and satirical poems, "A High Life Tragedy," "The Stilts of Gold," "Starting the Paper," "That Artistic Reception," "Noses," etc., etc., which have served to excite not a little curiosity, during the last few years, has been generally imputed to John G. Saxe or to Wm. Allan Butler—for who else could write such things? The public will now be undeceived, and will be glad to recognize their true author in the person of Mrs. METTA V. VICTOR. The "Married Life of Wykhoff Jones," in this number, will quite sustain the reputation of this versatile author in this department of national literature.

The biographies of CHAUNCEY B. IVES, Miss AUGUSTA J. EVANS, and CHARLES F. BLAUVELT, will be found to possess more than a passing interest, the data being drawn from original sources.

Miss PHÆBE CARY and Mrs. BARRITT each give very delightful short poems.

The Literary Intelligence will be found unusually complete—advising the reader of the new books and enterprises which give character to the closing months of a prosperous year.

The Art Gossip and Miscellany have been prepared with great care, and will command attention from all interested in art matters.

This number, as a whole, may be regarded as in all respects a *model* magazine; and we launch it upon the "great sea of literature" with every confidence that it will do credit alike to the Association and the readers for whom it caters.

—The coming and going of the heir to the crown of Great Britain was the theme of so much paragraphing that the public fairly tired of the "eternal Lord Renfrewing," as a plucky friend expressed it. As the public has had time to rest, we may be permitted, perhaps, to say a word or two on the "accident of his coming."

A good thing is told of Elliot, the por-

trait painter. A deputation of "influential citizens" proposed to have him paint a full-length of the Prince, for presentation to the city, and therefore suggested to him the form of address to be used on approaching the Prince with propositions for a "sitting." When the deputation was through with its counsel, one of the citizens asked, "Well, Elliott, how does this strike you?" "It strikes me if the boy wants his portrait painted all he has got to do is to put his name down on that list, and then *wait until his turn comes*," was the characteristic reply. As that list contains orders enough to employ the artist for a year to come the Prince probably concluded not to wait!

A good John Bull said, in our hearing, that this running after the Prince proved the American people to be prince-loving—that, for all their professions to the contrary, they were worshippers of titles and authority. It was asked if the *running after* the Prince was his only proof. The answer was, "That was proof enough." "Well, then," was the response, "as we ran after the Japanese even more than after the Prince, we suppose it is proof positive that we are *willing to become heathen*!" The good Briton had nothing more to say.

The Tenth-street Studio artists were *green* enough to suppose the royal *crimson* would honor their little extemporized exposition with his precious presence. They gathered all the best pictures which their inspiration had breathed into existence; they labored long and severely to "hang" them; their fair friends contributed fair offerings of flowers and other surroundings; then, when all was ready, the Prince was invited to the "exhibition of American art;" and—well, the artists are *still* waiting for some answer to their invitation! "American art," we suppose, will remain *in statu quo* until the Prince is heard from!

Messrs. Tiffany & Co., the jewelers, whose premises adjoin our own, say over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of jewels were ordered during the ten days preceding the grand ball given the Prince at the Academy of Music, in this city. A vulgar fellow who was present, not being able to find two square feet of floor on which to "fling himself," retired to the boxes in disgust and took notes. Here they are, some of them:

"Mrs. G——g, fifty-four years of age, widow of the late lamented fish merchant,

G., of Front street. On her arm six quintals codfish, fifty barrels of mackerel, four packages herring, and one butt salmon. On her bosom, one stone of sardines, done in No. 1 clarified oil.

"Miss Pixey H—h—g, daughter of Old H., now stock broker, formerly Deacon H.—thirty-three years of age, captivating (occasionally), and particular. On her wrist (rather long), six shares Mich. Central, four sheets interest coupons N. Y. & Erie unpaid second mortgage bonds, one share in Susquehanna County Bank. On her head, ten shares Iron Mountain R. R. stock, three acres coal deposit, and twenty-five hundred acres Eastern Tennessee land.

"Mrs. Henry W——'s daughters, aged respectively forty-two and twenty-four (Mr. W. is a city contractor, *good standing*). On hands, wrists, necks, and heads, two blocks "nigger heads," four square rods Belgian, three roods split curb-stone, one hundred loads of sand, and six carts and horses."

And thus the impertinent fellow's notes run. If he tells the truth, Tiffany must have an odd invoice represented by the checks in his safe, for that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. We would suggest that, hereafter, when such commercial fellows are invited to an "exclusive" ball, they be forbidden to take notes, for they *might* discover that some ladies—*by accident*, of course—wear one pure diamond from Tiffany's and six from Chatham street; and, when they say "all came from Tiffany's," they mean all but six, of course, for "exclusive" ladies never *fib*, of course—no, never!

—We have in our employ a boy, whose artistic perceptions are highly cultivated. He "grinds" the steel-plate press, and, while waiting for the plate to be inked, spends his time upon "pictures of memory" and other things—particularly the other things. One day, not long since, we chanced upon his "sketches," and notes. We cannot extract the first, but may some of the latter. He writes:

"Why is the youthful Prince of Wales like 'all out-of-doors' to Englishmen and England? Because he is their 'ope-an-'eir."

"Each of the six horses in the Prince's barouche had *six* feet. Besides their usual fore-feet they had two behind."

"The fashionable trimming for ladies' dresses is gold *bugles*. Ladies will there-

fore be keyed in B flat, and will become both musical and 'loud.' The men wear 'cut-off' coats, and therefore are *fast*. (See Ewbank on the Steam Cut-Off.)"

"Ladies are opposed to introducing cars on Broadway, for they are uncompromisingly opposed to doing without 'busses. If *smacks* could, by any human ingenuity, be invented to navigate that thoroughfare, the fair sex would *offer no opposition*."

"Our darkey who fires up is pretty smart. He asked me the other day, 'why he was a poet?' I could not tell. 'Kase, you see I eat salt fish las' night, and I was Dry-den.'"

"I have just ascertained why lumber is so high. A great number of people are travelling by the cars this year, and, as every one gets a board and leaves, the consequence is lumber is becoming scarce."

"A sailor is, of necessity, a vulgar fellow. One came into our rooms the other day, and talked of 'hugging a lee shore,' 'scudding under bare poles,' and many other such exceptionable things. He also said they lived on *junk*. He meant Japanese junk, of course."

"When is a flock of sheep like our climate?" said our darkey. "When it is all 'weathers,'" we replied. 'Ya! Ya!' said Jonas, 'I go and *blow* on you!'"

"One of our men, the other day, heard our editor talking about the fine feeling there was in Thorwaldsen's *bas-reliefs*. He asked us 'if they were any better feelin' than Radway's Ready *Relief*, which helped him so much when he dropped through the hatchway?' The most efficacious relief we find for all ills are *mint drops*."

We shall secure Isaac for a regular contributor, if "Vanity Fair" does not "jump our claim," by pleading a pre-emption right to this genius of the press.

—From the piquant Blanche d'Artois we have the following "Impromptu, on a Sunburnt Beauty:"

"Who votes the salute of Apollo a blemish? [brown?]
What though, in his warmth, he thy crimson em-
The sun-god the font of thy life shall replenish:
Then, Beauty, meet not his kiss with a frown."

This, from the same hand, "On finding William Cullen Bryant wearied out in the Editorial chair:"

"Forsake thy *Post* for rural stations—
We grieve to see thy haggard look:
Banish, henceforth, all translations
Save thine own from Nature's book."

We consider the writer of the following good epigram entitled to a *proof* of our "Falstaff:"

"TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

"'All flesh is grass,' so doth the Scripture say;
And grass, when cut and dried, is turned to hay.
Then, woe to thee! when Death his scythe shall take:
Oh, bless us! what a haystack thou wilt make!"

To whom we are indebted for this version of an orthodox fact, we are not able to say:

"Adam lay down and slept; and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman 'bride,'
And his first step became his last repose."

Probably it was the same chap who wrote the following—which *may* account for his disparaging reflection, above quoted:

"Tom on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died;
Her life had made so many frowns
That all the briny fount was dried."

It was not always so, we know; for when the said Tom was a susceptible youth, he wrote of his future wife as follows:

"They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
Thy chief attraction form;
I see no *sunshine* in those eyes,
They take one all by *storm*."

—The late sale of the library of Mr. Burton attracted much attention from the press, but comparatively little from book purchasers and bibliopoles, and the prices realized were not what was expected. The great feature of the collection was its Shakspearian treasures, which embraced the first, second, third, and fourth folios of the great dramatist's works—also early editions of single dramas. The folios brought, respectively, \$375, \$127 50, \$105, and \$65. The dramas brought: King John, 1622, \$24; Henry IV., 1639, \$18 25; 1622, \$28; Hamlet, 1637, \$14; Richard II., 1634, \$25. Some of our editors cry out, "What a sacrifice!" We are disposed to cry, "What a sell!" The idea of paying \$28 for an old pamphlet, half obliterated in letter-press, and most wretched in its imperfection of text, certainly is *biblio-mania*, and we should recommend as an antidote a good modern edition of Shakspeare's works, elucidated, illustrated, and expounded by the best genius of two centuries—which may be had for three dollars and fifty cents. This mania for old relics in literature is just as ridiculous as would be a mania for old hats, boots, pots, and kettles. Most old books that are worth preservation have been republished in good style, in several editions, and can therefore be had in a style vastly superior to any early copy for a very small sum. He who would pay ten dollars for an old dog-eared

pamphlet is a subject of pity, and should be treated for the disease, softening of the brain.

X — A curious bit of news has come to our hearing. In the fall of 1856 the Directory of the Cosmopolitan Art Association purchased quite an invoice of old pictures, at a sale of works which, originally, were brought from Italy for the New-York Crystal Palace exhibition, but which the owner never called for, and they, consequently, remained in the Custom House, until brought forth and sold for charges. Our Catalogue for the fifth year contained a large number of these pictures—supposed to be very excellent copies of eminent masterpieces. But, it would now appear, there were veritable originals among them. One large picture, which the Directory deemed too large for their use—a “Holy Family,” catalogued as *after Correggio*—was exchanged with a gentleman of this city for four smaller American fruit pieces and landscapes—all together valued at about four hundred dollars. It has now transpired that the “Holy Family” is an *original Correggio*, for which *four thousand dollars already has been refused!* It is to be returned to Europe, where it will find a purchaser at almost any price. It is now rendered more than probable that many of those old pictures were veritable originals; and we can only advise the lucky subscribers who received them, at the fifth year’s award, to dispose of them with great caution.

— One of the pleasantest *jeu d’esprit* of the day is Mr. Stedman’s poem on the Prince’s American tour. It had an enormous sale, as it first appeared in the columns of the admirable “Vanity Fair”—a repertory of many good things by our most *unctuous* writers—and has since been beautifully published by Rudd & Carleton, with illustrations by the “inimitable Stephens.” Our literature is strangely lacking in good poems of humor or satire. Aside from Holmes, Saxe, Lowell, Wm. Allan Butler, Stedman, and the author of the “Stilts of Gold,” we have no writers who even attempt the humorous, notwithstanding our national spirit and surroundings are so provocative of *sharp* experiences and odd associations.

— An old Jersey Dutchman—a neighbor of ours—got pretty badly “sold” lately, in the purchase of a horse. He was a good-looking beast, but he wouldn’t draw, nor could he be rode with any com-

fort. We will let our old friend tell his own story:

“You shoost see, ven you gits on him to rite, he rares up behint unt kicks up before so vurser as a chack mule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesterday, unt no sooner I gets straddle his pack he gommece dat vay shust so like a vawkin peam on a poatsteam; unt ven he gits tone, I was so mixt up mid efery dinks I vints minezef arount packwards, mit his dail in mine haunts vor de pridle.”

We laughed, of course; but, with a quiet wink of the eye, he gave us to understand that he was too much for the horse, after all.

“Ha! ha! mine frien; I fixt mit te critter. I tell you I fixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him in de cart mid his dail vere his het ote to pe; den I gife him about a tozen cuts mit a hitecow; he starts to go; put so soon he see a cart before him he makes packwards. Burdy soon he sdumbles behint, unt sit town on his hanches, unt looks like he veel burty shamed mit himzef. Den I dakes him out, hitch him in de rite vay, unt he go rite off shust so good as any pody’s bony.”

— We overheard a legal friend repeat an anecdote of the eminent lawyer Mason, which, in these days of spiritualistic belief, is worthy of repetition, for the practical *application* “the bar” would make of spiritual communications and revelations.

“Mason was engaged in the defence of a minister by the name of Avery, on a charge of murder; the case was one which called out great interest among the clerical brotherhood, and entirely absorbed the attention of Mr. Mason. One day, when completely buried up in the case, he was visited by a minister, a spiritualist, who had attended the trial. With great agitation and earnestness, the visitor said:

“‘Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason! I have the most important matter to communicate. The angel Gabriel came to my bed-side this morning, and told me that Brother Avery was innocent!’ Without lifting his eye or pen from the paper, Mason replied: ‘Let him be subpoenaed immediately!’ and continued his work.”

— We beg leave to decline the following “poem;” we do not think we have room for it; but, as we have lost the manuscript, we print the lines, to let the author know they are not accepted. He seems to belong to the modern school of poets of “dainty conceits”:

TO MADGE.

Thine eyes are windows—“windows of the soul”—
With curtains of white satin o’er them hung,
Bordered with black silk fringe, long, glossy, rich;
Upholstered, as it were, without regard
To the expense. I see a shining light
Kindling within them—touched off, it may be,
By a well-recommended, perfumed match;
And in the twilight nearer still I steal,
Peering through those clear windows, till I scan
The elegant apartment which they light:
A warm, delicious room, well-carpeted,
With velvet divans, where thy stealthy thoughts
May lounge at ease—“pictures of memory”
Hung on the walls, in golden fancies framed,
While flowers of poesie in vases bloom;
And now I see, just in the cosiest nook,
Beside the polished grate, where love lies heaped,
Like glowing anthracite, in lumps profuse,
And where hope’s gas-light from the chandelier
Is plentifullest flung, I see—a guest.
Ah, ha! now you detect my stealthy gaze,
And let the curtains down—a pearly blank
Falls over all that lustrous inner world—
You cruel, cruel, cruel, selfish Madge.

— A Portland paper relates how a young lady, on a wager, carried a dozen brooms home on her shoulders, from the store, and calls it an interesting spectacle. We remember hearing of a more *musical* incident than that. The wife of a celebrated lawyer in Central Ohio, quite noted for her beauty and independence, was in a store one day, in Z—, when the proprietor asked her how many cow-bells she would consider an equivalent for a ring which she wore. “Two dozen,” she replied. “Will you take them now?” queried the merchant. “Certainly!” said Mrs. S.; and, pulling off the ring, she took the cow-bells—a dozen on a string, in each hand—and carried them home, greatly to the amusement of the town, and the no small loss of the dealer in bells, for each one was then worth fifty cents, while the ring was worth about five dollars. On another occasion the same lady rode a wild horse which, becoming somewhat unmanageable, was turned into the Muskingum river, and forced by the intrepid rider to swim that wide and swift stream. She said she did it to “cool him off!”

— The story by Miss Prescott, “Desert Sands,” gives us a wild, passionate, painful diagnosis of human faith and woman’s love. How many women have loved like the devoted artist-wife—how many, like her, have seen their husbands’ hearts in the toils of another; but, how few, like her, have borne all so patiently—have so heroically endured physical and mental agonies, in order to baffle the wiles of a destroyer! It seems to us all so real and actual that we are startled at its story;

and, oh, how it ennobles woman in its moral! A painter will find in the story many a theme for his best powers.

— It is said to be a fact that an establishment has been opened in this city, for furnishing, upon order, sermons, political speeches, literary addresses, poems, college theses, compositions, etc. Circulars are sent out to all parties supposed to be in want of any of the *products* of the institution, with schedule of prices annexed. What is not the least singular is the fact that a large business is actually being done, and many of the "good sermons" preached in and out of New-York come from this literary grist-mill—many of the "telling" speeches, orations, addresses, poems, etc., which win for the speaker the civic crown of some taken-in-and-done-for community. Lecture committees will please take notice and figure "cheap."

— Dr. Darwin's book, "On the Origin of Species," has created an unwonted sensation in the world of science. The Doctors are as much at loggerheads in regard to its assumptions and deductions as if a *new idea* actually had been started. If the book had been "On the Origin of Specie" we should not have been surprised at the clamor of the D. D.'s, LL. D.'s, and other Doctors, for their interest in specie is both so objective and subjective that they would have had, very naturally, much to say on the weighty subject.

— We have all heard of the countryman, who, upon visiting New-York city, "waited for the procession to pass," on Broadway, so that he might cross over to Barnum's Museum; but we have not all heard of the family coming into Vicksburg, Miss., and camping down by the Mississippi river, waiting for it to run dry, so that they might *save the ferriage*. A Vicksburg paper mentions the 'curus' circumstance.

— Parties sometimes write us letters like the following:

"I have a MS. poem which I should like to dispose of to some respectable magazine. It is about two hundred lines long, and is worth twenty dollars. Shall I send it to you?"

We may here answer such notes in a general disclaimer—first, against asking pay for poems; second, in presuming to demand pay before even submitting the MS.; third, in not prepaying for the required response. Our wants in the "poetic line" are small—we already have

enough for several numbers filed away for use. With stories and essays we always are pretty well supplied, but are always glad to receive and read them, *if good*, though we cannot promise an early use of them. If any wish to write for the "Art Journal," let them do so; but, let them not *demand* that anything shall be used, for they surely will be disappointed. For *good* matter, in either prose or verse, there always is a place, in any good magazine; for poor matter (which composes *over two thirds* of all that is sent in for use) there is no place; and editors always are unreasonable enough to be their own judges in the matter of excellence. We, in common with our brethren of the "Atlantic," "Harper," and "Godey," use only what suits us; and therefore wish no author to send us anything which he or she is not perfectly willing we should exercise our judgment, *and scissors*, upon. Some authors will please consider this a "personal item."

— Talking of the right of private judgment, we are somewhat mystified to know under what head to class the abnormalities of society. A man *has* a right to make a "Shanghai" of himself, but that we should abide by this demonstration of his judgment without grinning is scarcely to be expected. That a woman should take six inches off from the top and put it on the bottom of her dress, then tip her head with a bonnet as big as a good sized spider, and demand the *right* to this exercise of *her* "private judgment," is more than we can find it in our catechism to confess. That a "private judgment" should persist in the right to fast living generally—in late rising and later going to bed—in flatteries and fopperies and follies of every kind—it is really hard to confess; and when all are asked to concede the propriety of such a judgment, there is room for much shaking of heads. That there are rights is certain; for, if we see proper to lie abed until eight o'clock Sabbath mornings, and go in our shirt sleeves during a warm day, and wash our feet in the soup tureen, and kiss the cook, we don't know how anybody is going to help it; but this only the more mystifies the question of "rights," and leaves us in doubt if there are really any wrongs at all except Woman's Wrongs.

— Volume IV. closes with this issue. The year has been a pleasant one to us—having permitted a large audience to wait upon us as regular readers. We have had

the sincere gratification of feeling that we have pleased the large majority of this audience—a gratification all the more satisfactory when it is considered how very wide apart are the sympathies, tastes, and education of many of our subscribers. To satisfy alike the cultivated art connoisseurs and literary critics of the metropolis and other leading cities, and subscribers living in isolation, whose tastes and education have not been sharpened by association with cultivated people, is, indeed, a success over which an editor has reason to feel a great degree of satisfaction.

We have had the aids of good contributors, good designers and engravers, in producing the several numbers of the volume—to all of whom we tender our sincere thanks; without their cunning brains and skilful hands our pages would have been, indeed, barren. Probably no periodical published in this country, has been permitted, in the same number of issues, to bestow upon its readers so much that is worthy of preservation and remark, in illustration and literature. A glance at the table of contents of the volume will show the number and value of these illustrations, while the mere list of authors who have contributed to the volume is a guarantee of the excellence of the matter submitted.

This is said for no other purpose than to remind the subscribers of the Association that this *Journal* is a great fact in the world of periodicals—that it has become a *power* therein, and has assumed a position conceded to be first-class, as an illustrated magazine. Is it, therefore, claiming too much to say it is worth to them, *richly worth*, the full price of a membership subscription? We certainly believe that if we were obliged to discontinue either the *Art Journal* or the annual membership steel engraving, a vote of the subscribers would show a large majority in favor of retaining the *Journal*. As the Directory not only do not design to discontinue either of their offerings, but rather propose to add constantly to their excellence, the subscribers to the Association may congratulate themselves upon the future. Three dollars never before brought such returns; and, as the institution gains in strength from experience and the increased co-operation of the true friends of art-progress, it may safely promise that its future benefits will only have been foreshadowed by the past.